The Corinth War Eagle.

E. D. FENN, Editor & Proprietor. "Be Just and Fear Not," TERMS---Pay in Advance.

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The Corinth War Eagle.

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Poetry.

The Dying Soldier.

BY MAUD MULLER.

It was the holy Sabbath evening!
The sun lingered in the west, casting
A radiant halo far around and above,
Till one fancied the gates of the heavenly
City thrown wide open, and its beauty
And brightness gleaming down upon us.
Far as the eye could reach, shone the
Tents of the Northern legions, and from
Them, borne on the gentle wind, came
The voice of one whose years had not
Yet reached a score, but whose feet were
Entering the Valley of Death, telling of
Hopes blighted, anticipations never to be
realized,
And all the old sad tale of Azrael.

And I must die! slowly my breath comes
now
And death's chill dews are gathering on my
brow.
Around my heart I feel the subtle touch
Of his cold icy fingers. Oh! how much
I long for but a moment's sight of those
Best loved ones, ere I seek the grave's repose.

Oh! it is hard to die in life's fair spring
With honor's path before me opening,
How fondly have I dreamed to win a name,
And write it proudly on the roll of fame
With those who deemed it, in the years gone
by,
For home and country, sweet and beautiful,
to die.

Oh, comrades—brothers! gather closer round
My bed, and let me hear again the sound
Of your kind voices, ere I start upon
The path so many of our boys have gone.
Like they, and I, Oh! may you never know
Of dying far from home the utter, *utter* woe.

Ah, well! 'twill soon be past. The bitter
blow
Is lessening now; and round me soft and
low,
Float sounds of sweet angelic harmony.
The opening gates of Paradise I see,
While those dear ones, who've crossed the
stream before,
Stand waiting, watching for me, on the other shore.

You'll tell my mother, boys, when you get
home,
I thought of her, amid death's gathering
gloom,
My sisters, too, tell them I wait them there
Where comes no war nor parting, pain nor
care,
And father, not to mourn my short race run,
That many other fathers weep for other sons.

There, that is all. Now, boys, a last farewell,
We'll meet again, how soon, we cannot tell,
For the last time the south wind fans my
brow;
Sweet peace and calmness steal upon me now,
How light it grows! I see the further shore
With all the shining hosts. There, boys, we
part no more.

How Conscripts are Raised in Arkansas.—A letter from Madison, Ark., says:

I find the utmost consternation existing among the people all along the route, in regard to the terrible military despotism they are laboring under. Almost every man capable of bearing arms is being forced into the rebel army. It works thus: An order comes from an officer of General Hindman's—and by the way there are hundreds in this town who would willingly take the life of that man—that a person shall have three days in which to report himself to headquarters or procure a suitable substitute. At the end of the specified time, unless the man notified comes forward, he is hunted out and forced into a guard house, where he is kept until he expresses a willingness to shoulder a musket. The majority of the army of 12,000 men, which Hindman has in this State, are conscripts raised in this manner. The greatest number do not wait to be forced into the ranks. If notified, they wait until their time nearly expires, and then come voluntarily forward. But I am assured by hundreds that they only do this because they are compelled to, and that they do not propose to fight.

Miscellaneous.

The Editor's Tragedy.

A strange and painful tragedy has just been recorded, which should touch somewhat deeply [illegible]. Our literary [illegible] der Birnie, the subject of this tragedy, appears to have been one of that class of provincial editors in whom the possession of literary capacity inspires a deep pride and sense of power. We by no means which to attribute such feelings exclusively to our provincial brethren. The habit of tracing swift comments, often of passing hasty judgment, on human beings and their actions—or rather on those particular phantasms of our own minds, which for the moment we assume to represent the men and their actions—inspires something of this tone in all critics of passing events; and this is, indeed, their characteristic danger. But in none is this sense of empty power more likely to be intoxicating and dangerous than in those who are but half-versed in the supreme uncertainties of literature, who do not see that even the highest literary estimates of men and things are vague half-views, with much that is essential to the truth still left in shadow. To this perhaps self-elevated class of border-land literature Mr. Birnie apparently belonged. He had been editor of the *Chester-le-Street Liberal* in Durham, and there, apparently, had so far succeeded as to aspire after a more independent position. He became editor and proprietor of the *Falkirk Liberal* to which he was in the habit of contributing a weekly leader, signed "The Cock of the Steeple," a *nom de plume* probably intended to indicate the wide intellectual survey which the editorial mind took of the town and its neighborhood, as it looked to every quarter of the compass. Unfortunately he never taught himslef to distrust wide intellectual surveys, at least in his own case, and his *Falkirk Liberal* failed. Leaving his wife and family still in Chester-le-Street, he then went to Edinburgh to seek work, fell into bad living and bad company, was robbed of almost all he had, and in the remorse for the injury he had thus inflicted on his wife and children, attempted suicide by an overdose of laudanum, which, however, he took in such large quantities as to make him sick; and this for the time saved his life. Still the cock would not come down from his steeple. The editor had proved not only the ingratitude of the public, but on a small scale that unsoundness in his own surveys of "men and things," which might well have taught him to distrust them still more on a larger scale, and yet the pride which is so often fed by this wonderful power of *writing out* our glib, false views, or at best half views of human affairs, clung to him to the last. He set out on foot on his return to Chester-le-Street, apparently with a design of killing himself by exhaustion, certainly with a fixed resolve not to avert this fate by any concession of pride. He had but a few pence in his pocket, and a few of the cherished literary "contributions" of his own pen. He kept a journal by the way, *editing* as it were his last hours, and specifying with care the exact details of his suffering; and we must say that the brief sentences which he entered during the last few days of his are not tainted by any touch of literary affectation, but the simplest utterances of human anguish. For days, we are told, he never had his clothes off, never rested on a bed, and seldom under cover at all; tasted no food but what his pence would buy, and drank only water. On the night of the 12th February he reached Morpeth, spent his last penny on a roll, mistook the road, became overpowered by suffering and fatigue, and crept into a stack, near Stobhill brick-works, to die. For nine days he lay there without either food or drink, but on the ninth found strength to creep out for water, yet would solicit no help, and crept back again. On the twelfth day he records that he can no longer creep out for water. On the fourteenth day of (February 25th) he was discovered and taken to the workhouse hospital, where he died of mortification of both legs the same night, his feet being so swollen that it was necessary to cut off his boots. The following were his last entries in the diary—entries singularly pathetic, whether we suppose them to be his last excuses to the world, or the true utterance of his own [illegible], or, more truly perhaps, a mixture [illegible]

"Thursday, February 13th.—I [illegible] now laid under some straw, by a haystack, near Morpeth, last night and all day; God knows if ever I will be able to proceed further. I would like to have got to Chester-le-Street, to be buried there, that my poor wife, when she looked on my grave, might forgive and weep.

"Saturday, 15th.—One week my punishment has lasted. I still lie here, but very weak and much pained in the bowels.

"Sabbath 16th.—Another day without food or drink; cold. When will the trial be over?

"Monday, 17th.—O God! grant me patience.

"Tuesday, 18th.—Alone, without a soul to see or speak to, a bit of bread, or a drop of drink for six days and nights; how long can it be?

"Wednesday, 19th.—This cannot hold out long. Help, O Lord!

"Friday, 21st.—The ninth day without food; got a drink of water last night.

"Sabbath, 23rd.—Eleven days; my legs are useless. O God! when will it end?

"Monday, 24th.—Oh, I am weary; one part of my body appears to be dead. I cannot go for a drink now. 24th February.—Seventeen days' suffering; during that time had twice a piece of bread, twelve days without a morsel.

[illegible] wait. I meet him without fear. Jesus is all. Oh, He has saved me, yet so as by fire, these thirteen days. O bless Him for them; to Him I commit my soul, my memory, my family, my all. Amen."

The strange absence, here, of that self-horror which the intention of suicide usually creates, and the curious appearance in its place of that glow of unhealthy enthusiasm—unhealthy in the agony of such a death—which lights up the poor man's reeling brain in his last hour, are singularly painful—the more so, perhaps, if they were intended for the world than if they were not. In these last days the poor editor's survey of himself can scarce have been more complete or faithful than his intellectual surveys of Falkirk from the steeple-top. Mixed with the prayers for help and the hope of pardon there must have come many a bitter doubt, or, if not, at least many an image which would have caused doubt had his mind been clear. Yet, perhaps, after all, these brief editorials on his own fate were not much less incomplete or distorted not only than this particular editor's liberal teachings to Falkirk, but even many of the most valuable products of our editorial class in general. Those precious literary contributions in his pocket that aided no doubt to nerve Mr. Birnie, in the midst of the most terrible pangs of famine, against admitting the facts of beggary, and the consequent *duty* of begging from his fellow-men—against how many equally stern facts of life do they not nerve the literary class to rebellion? How few men of us all can look at the fact as it is, if a literary reputation intervenes between it and our eyes? This man is not the only beggar who has imputed to himself a literary righteousness that he had not. To us there seems something representative as well as tragic about his career. The confusion between the pride of writing and the pride of seeing, which took his editorial imagination up to a pinnacle from which he could see, not indeed all the regions of the earth, but all the dwellings of his audience; the overthrow of his ambition causing intoxication rather than humiliation; the stubborn literary pride, which urged him to a double act of suicide, and kept him to the last from appealing to the mercy of his fellow-men; and, finally, the triumphant register of his sufferings, written in the tone of a martyr, with the eternal world so close upon him and so dimly seen—these things should have more than the interest of personal details to literary men. It recalls something of poor Haydon's history. Artistic and literary pride, and the thick veil it interposes between those who entertain it and the facts of that life which they profess to see more clearly than other men, constitute one of the most painful phases of intellectual culture. Criticism is a blinding task. Those who glory in their own successful editing of this strange world and its events are seldom able to acquiesce in that only authorized edition of their own life which is warranted by the Providence of God.

A French Story.

In 1769, a gentleman was passing late at night over Hont Neuff, (Paris with a lantern. A man came up to him and said:

"Read this paper."

He held up the lantern and read as follows:

"Speak not a word when this you've read,
Or in an instant you'll be dead!
Give us your money, watch and rings,
With other valuable things—
Then quick in silence, you depart,
Or I, with knife will cleave your heart!"

Not being a man of much pluck, the affrighted gentleman gave up his watch and money, and ran off. He soon gave alarm, and the highwayman was arrested.

"What have you to say for yourself?" inquired the magistrate before whom the robber was arrainged.

"That I am not guilty of the robbery, though I took the watch and money."

"Why not guilty? asked the magistrate.

"Simply because I can neither read nor write. I picked up the note just at the moment I met this gentleman with a lantern [illegible] something valuable, I politely asked him to read it for me. He complied with my request, and presently handed me his watch and purse, and ran off. I supposed the paper to be of great value to him, and that he thus liberally rewarded me for finding it. He gave me no time to return thanks, which act of politeness I was ready to perform.

The gentleman accepted the plea of the robber, and withdrew his complaint.

Very Lucid.—That valiant wit, Orpheus C. Kerr, of the Mackerel Brigade, after describing a fierce equestrian combat between "William Brown," of the United States of America, and Captain "Munchausen," of the Southern Confederacy, closes as follows: "Ha!" says "William," gazing severely at Company 3, Regiment 5, as it came pouring forward, "has the Southern Confederacy concluded to submit to the United States of America?" What the answer was, my boy, I am not allowed to say; but you may rest satisfied that a thing has been done which I am not permitted to divulge; and should this lead, as I hope it will, to a movement I am not suffered to make public, it cannot fail to result in a consumation which I am forbidden to make known. But if, on the other hand, the strategic movement which I am not at liberty to describe should be followed by a stroke I am restrained from explaining, you will find the effect it would not be judicious in me to set forth will produce a consequence which the War Department denies me the privilege of developing.

A Railroad Car Built in One Day.—An English paper states that a railway car was built complete, filled with goods for the great Exhibition, and conveyed from Manchester to London, in twenty-four hours. This feat was performed at the works of Mr. Ashbury, Manchester, and several distinguished persons were present to witness the operations. At 7 o'clock, A. M., the iron to be used was in the pig and the timber in logs. In 43 minutes the latter was cut. The planing, mortising, etc., was finished in a few minutes after 10 o'clock, when the smiths began.—Their work ended at 2:45 P. M. At 1 o'clock the wrought iron work, such as axles, tires, etc., was done, and at 6:16 P. M. this had left the planing shop finished. The car was completed at 6:35 P. M., and half an hour subsequently it started for the great metropolis, with a load of articles for the Exhibition.

From the New York Express.

General McClellan.

General McClellan is no newspaper hero. He declines to speak for himself. He bears and forbears, and is never tempted to place his name before the country, even when most grossly assailed in high and low places. He remains with his army, assured of their love, confidence and respect. Now and then he enforces respect from open traducers and half-way defenders, as in the Times to-day, when it says:

"In the great work of organizing an army he has proved his possession of the highest ability; his siege of Yorktown (whether it might have been avoided or not) was a masterpiece of successful soldiership; his preparations for an advance upon Richmond were complete and perfect; he has the rare quality of inspiring confidence and thorough respect among his troops, and his conduct of the retreat to the James River was a most masterly execution of one of the most difficult and dangerous movements which an army is ever compelled to make."

Sometimes it is asked why he did not go up the James River, instead of the York and Pamunkey. The answer is that "had the Navy Department destroyed the Merrimac in time, the James River would have been selected. He was beyond Yorktown before the Merrimac was destroyed, and his supplies had been sent up the York River to the Pamunkey. Had Jackson been engaged in the valley by Fremont, or had McDowell, on the Rappahannock, co-operated vigorously and prevented the rapid flank and rear movement of Jackson upon McClellan, or had sufficient reinforcements been sent to McClellan to protect the line of operations from his base at White House to his advance position at Fair Oaks and Mechanicsville—a distance of twenty miles—there would have been no necessity for changing his base; but had he not done so, and done so skillfully, his whole army would have been captured.

Another question is answered as follows by the "Herald:"

The query is put, sometimes, why McClellan did not make Washington his base of operations, and proceed overland, by way of Centreville and Manassas, to Richmond.

Those who ask this question are either entirely ignorant of the art of war, or they maliciously indulge in clap trap to tickle the ears of the multitude. In the first place, in a march from Washington to Richmond, McClellan could have no natural protection of a sea or great river for either of his flanks; and the line of operations is so extremely long, being one hundred and seventeen miles as a bird would fly; that it would have required an army of double his number to protect his communications with his base. His army would have had to be supplied entirely by wagons, and he would have needed about seven thousand of them; and they would have been liable to be cut off continually by an enterprising enemy like that led by Jackson.

Then along that route fortifications were erected and batteries established which would have rendered it impracticable, unless to a much larger army than was placed at the disposal of McClellan. His force would have had to be spread over a great width of country, from the Potomac to the mountains, in order to prevent his flanks being turned or his lines penetrated; so that while he was marching on Richmond, he might have discovered, when too late to prevent it, that the enemy was on his way to Washington, and that it must inevitably fall into his hands.

General McClellan had the concurrence of eight of twelve of his Generals in the route taken towards Richmond, and we believe also that he had the advice and approval of General Scott. Of course, history will do this man justice, and so will his loyal, Union-loving countrymen, notwithstanding the assertion of the Times that "the *public faith* in his ability to lead an army in the field to victory has been greatly *shaken*."

Forever float the [illegible] standard sheet
Where breath[illegible]
With Freedom's [illegible] as the foe but falls before us,
And Free[illegible] soil beneath our feet
And Free[illegible] Banner waving o'r us.